

Title: The House of Idewild

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I am Galdor a plain
elf-at-arms of the
House of Idewild, and
apparantly the only one
of my bretherin with a
literary bent. We are
seven brothers-in-arms,
bound by our devotion to
the Virtues and by
embodying their principals
make life easier on those
around us. Our house
was founded by Augrey
Runeweaver and his
younger brother Wulf.
Augrey was oldest son of
Ragnar Runeweaver, an
arms man of some
renown. Yet Augrey did
not take up the way of
the sword as his father
wished, preferring to
study the Arcane arts.
His father never approved
of his son's choice, He
feared the corruption of
magic and saw little use
for spells that though
deadly had no more range
than a good bow. Augrey
left home and the name
of Runeweaver behind. For
a time he supported
himself by tailoring as he
studied. Though he has
passed that skill on to
others he still appreciates
a fine garment or good
leather armor.

Wulf followed in
Ragnar's footsteps,
becoming all his father
could have wished for,
First he studied the bow
and sword but later gave
up archery to hone his

skill with a blade. Where Augrey is quiet and studious, Wulf is as rowdy as only a human can be. Easily angered and quick to draw steel he forgives quickly and never holds a grudge. He tells the tale of encountering a ratman archer of some skill, They fired volley after volley with Wulf always receiving the worst of it, Till he crept from battle, healed himself and to use his own words "I betook my halberd and using what cover there was rushed the little bas,,,begger and smote him to the ground. A more satisfying victory I've seldom had since, even against more fearsome and powerful foes." For all his prowess in battle Wulf is one of the most skilled healers I've ever seen. Always quick to bind the wounds of his fellows with a surprisingly gentle hand, After the elder Runeweaver died Wulf sought out his brother and together founded our house. The next person to join us was Scaley Bones, a fellow student of Augrey's, Though the study of magic was never his heart's desire. He was always interested in how things were made. Metal, leather, and cloth are equally formed into the objects of his fertile imagination. Lately wood and jewelry are also under his mastery. Like Wulf he is a great explorer, at home under the earth, on the sea, and in the forests. He often journeys far in search of rare items for his craft work. At home he is always involved in

some noisy or smoke generating pursuit, Alas for us when he developed an interest in cooking! Fortunately he is often at sea.

The next to join the house was my cousin, Celebrand. He was among the first elvish scouts to reenter Sosaria after we forced open the rift between us caused by the shattering of the Gem of Immortality. He encounterd Wulf and the two hit it off quickly. They bonded over the subject of archery and never looked back. Celeborn has ever been restless and is still our scout. Often the first into a new land or area. He and Scaley both share a deep love of making though Celebrand is only interested in his bowcraft, elvish elements are creeping into Bone's work both from Celebrand's influence and his own trips to study in Heartwood.

I joined next. I had just finished my coming of age ordeal, I had chosen spellweaving like my cousin and lay injured in the strange land of Ilshnar, gravely wounded by one of the Exodus Minions I had to slay. That is how I know of Wulf's healing powers, He drew me back from the brink of death. I practice my sword skill in the defense of the city of Skara Brae. Why I am drawn there I do not know...perhaps in time I will understand.

The next poor unfortunate to join our growing band of adventurers was a strange bat-winged creature that Celeborn

had discovered on Fire Island near the new volcano that grew out the north end of the island. TuTuarog was his name. He was drawn to us because of Scaley Bones. The Gargoyle race are mighty crafters and possessed of strange powers of infusing magic to items like swords and armor. He too travels to obtain the rare ingredients for his craft.

Also he is a mighty warrior with strange throwing weapons the like of which I have never seen before. Tutaurog is learning the healing arts from Wulf.

Of late old Tu' has developed a taste for music. He taught his bladeweaving skills to the newcomer to our ranks and is researching the way musical harmonies may be used to influence the creatures around us. It amazes me how he can make the wild monsters dance to his tunes. It was not long after Tu settled in that another semi-demon joined us, Gothmog a Gargoyle soldier-of-fortune, like me. Though he seems versed in the ways of Gargoyle magic and he and Augrey are often engaged in long discussions. He has taken over Tu's collection of throwing weapons and has become as proficient as TuTarog ever was. Most recently Gothmog has been involved in the collection of ingredients for the cure of his people. Now that task is drawing to a close since a cure has been found. With the coronation of a new human king, a new

age seems to be coming.
What lies next remains
to be seen. We will face
the future together
pledged to our mutual
benefit and that of
Sosaria's citizens.